

The Lincoln County Herald
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY
THEO. D. FISHER.
\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 5. TROY, MO., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1870. NO. 51.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (10 lines) for one insertion	\$1.75
Each additional insertion	75
Administrators' Notices	4.00
Final Settlement Notices	4.00
Stray Notices (single stray)	1.00
Each additional stray in same notice	4.00
A Liberal Deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.	

M. N. McLELLAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Troy, Missouri.
Office at M. S. Ballinger's Drug Store.

J. A. WARD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Troy, Missouri.

R. H. NORTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
TROY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial District.

N. P. MINOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
LOUISIANA, MO.
Will practice in the counties of Callaway, Montgomery, Lincoln, Pike and Holt.

W. M. FRAZIER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
TROY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in all the counties of the Third Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court of the State.

F. T. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
TRUXTON, MISSOURI.
January 1, 1869—July

DR. J. C. GOODRICH,
DENTIST,
WENTZVILLE, MO.
Will be in Troy to practice his profession from time to time. Two notices of these visits will be given in the local columns of the Herald.

DR. J. L. DOGGETT,
Surgeon Dentist,
TROY, MO.
IS PREPARED to do all kinds of Dental work in a substantial manner.

Occidental Hotel,
Cap-au-Gris, Mo.
R. C. MAGRUDER, Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public. Well-furnished tables and neat, comfortable apartments.

G. L. COLLIER,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
TROY, MISSOURI.
Persons wishing work done will be given perfect satisfaction.
Old pictures copied.
May 19, 1870—220

A. H. BUCKNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CHARLES, MO.
Will attend to any professional business in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and St. Charles, and in the District and Supreme Courts.

CAP-AU-GRIS
Lumber Yard.
R. C. MAGRUDER
Keeps constantly on hand a full supply of Pine Lumber, DRESSED and UN-DRESSED, at Cap au-Gris, Lincoln county, Mo.

HENRY QUIGLEY, EUGENEN BONFILS,
QUIGLEY & BONFILS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Conveyancers & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MO.
Will practice in the various Courts of the Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been engaged for two years past in making an abstract of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short notice a complete abstract of title of all the lands in said county.

JNO. R. KNOX,
BANKER,
TROY, MISSOURI.
Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes and other Securities. Deposits received, payable on call.

A Sure Thing!
CHAS. E. MAIN,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.
Is now fully prepared to Repair Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
Watches, Clocks and Jew.

ST. LOUIS SAW WORKS.
BRANCH, CROOKES & CO.
S A W
Manufacturers of PAULING'S Patent Inserted Teeth Saws.
FOR SALE AT THEIR WAREHOUSES,
LAKESIDE, VINE ST., CARONDELET CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS. N. ORLEANS.

LEOLINE.
In the molten golden sunlight,
In the deep grass warm and dry,
We watched the fire-fly rise and swim
In floating sparkles by;
All night the hearts of nightingales,
Song-sleeping slumberous leaves,
Flow'd to us in the shadow there,
Beside the cottage eaves.
We sang our songs together
Till the stars shone in the skies,
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yot the tears were in our eyes;
And my hand, I know it trembled,
To each light warm touch of thine,
But we were friends and only friends,
My sweet friend Leoline!

How large the white moon looked, dear!
There has not ever been
Since that old night the same great light
In the moon which I have seen.
I often wonder when I think
If you have thought so too,
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,
Then it need be to you.
And sometimes, when the warm west wind
Came faint across the sea,
It seems that you have breathed on it,
So sweet it comes to me;
And sometimes, when the long light wanes
In one deep crimson line,
I muse, "and does she watch it too,
Far off sweet Leoline."

And often leaning all day long
My head upon my hands,
My heart aches for the vanished
In the far fair foreign lands;
Thinking sadly, is she happy?
Has she tears for these old hours?
And the cottage in the starlight?
And the songs among the flowers?
One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air,
A fire-fly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kissed her lightly off again
And he glittered up the vine
And died into the darkness
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch,
I've a purple rose leaf pressed,
More sweet than common rose leaves,
For it once lay on her breast.
When she gave me that her eyes were wet;
The rose was full of dew;
The rose is withered long ago,
And the page is blistered, too.
There's a blue flower in my garden
The bee loves more than all;
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small.
She loved it, too, long ago!
Her love was less than mine,
Still we are friends, but only friends,
My lost love, Leoline.

MAY CARROLL'S LOVERS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

May Carroll had just passed the borders of her eighteenth year. She was sitting in the window, while Mrs. Carroll energetically clicked her knitting needles and plied her tongue at the same time. "My dear," said Mrs. Carroll, "I think you ought to feel very highly honored. If a man like Squire Peckwood had proposed for my hand at eighteen, I should have felt proud."

"But, mother, Squire Peckwood is old enough to be my father," pleaded May. "As it is a few years, one way or the other, made any difference?"

"And he has had two wives already!"

"Everybody will tell you, child, that he was a model husband."

"It's altogether too much like Bluebeard," shuddered May. "There's no telling how soon I might be beheaded to make way for the fourth Mrs. Peckwood!"

"Is that all you have to bring against Squire Peckwood?" demanded her mother.

"No, mother, it is not. He is avaricious, fault-finding, whimsical, hypocritical."

"May!"

"You asked me, mother."

"But you know very well your father's heart is set on this marriage. Why prejudice yourself against it, when the matter is as good as settled?"

Yon May Carroll did know very well that the heart of obstinate Deacon Carroll was set on seeing his only daughter the wife of Squire Peckwood, and that was what made her spirit grow faint within her. For there was still another reason against this ill-suited match—a reason which May had not ventured to speak of to either father or mother—and it was this; May had already given her heart away to David Chester, the student in lawyer Kelso's office, whose brain were his only capital, and who carried his fortune in his frank face and straight little figure.

"I have promised David," she thought, with a fluttering palpitation at her heart. "and I will die sooner than prove false to him. But, oh! what shall I do to ward off the suit of this horrid fat old Squire Peckwood?"

As these thoughts passed through her mind, Mrs. Carroll's voice interrupted her current.

"May, child, what are you dreaming about? Twice I've asked you a question, and you have stared at me as if I were empty space?"

"I beg your pardon, mother; what did you ask?"

"Whether you knew that he was going to take you over to the Peckwood farm this afternoon, to see the house of which you are so soon to be the mistress?"

"I know it, mother."

"I go, my goodness gracious! why aren't you dressing yourself?"

"I am dressed, mother."

"In French calico and a white apron! Go up stairs and put on your black silk dress immediately, and wear the garnet set your father gave you your last birth day."

May obeyed unwillingly enough; but when she came down stairs there was a new brightness in her eye, an unwon color on her cheek. Squire Peckwood, who was awaiting her appearance in the big easy chair, with a purple-faced contentment chuckled to himself at her fresh young beauty; and Mrs. Carroll mentally came to the conclusion that May had resolved to "behave like a sensible girl."

She was more mistaken, however, than she had any idea of. Cupid, the mischievous little imp of true love, had been invisibly counseling Mademoiselle May in the quiet and seclusion of her own apartment up stairs, and May had profited by his hints.

"I'm sure we girls would have little enough chance in this world," pouted May Carroll, "if we didn't have recourse to our wits once in a while!"

She was all smiles and dimples and winning words, as Squire Peckwood trundled heavily along by her side, and that portly gallant racked his brains for some appropriate conversation to amuse the third Mrs. Peckwood that was to be.

He Squire wiped his beet red brow and secretly wished he had read Moore and Byron in his younger days, so as to be able to converse agreeably with a pretty girl of eighteen.

"That's the house," he said at last, pointing to the gable end of the Peckwood mansion, peeping through a mass of elm boughs. As Miss Carroll had been familiar with the neighborhood for eighteen years, she replied with some acerbity.

"I know that, Squire Peckwood!"

"How will you like it for your future home?"

"I don't know—I may like it well enough," answered May indifferently; "but it has got to be altered very much."

Squire Peckwood's jubilant countenance fell. To him the family home of the Peckwoods was a modern Mecca, a sacred spot, faultless in its perfection, and susceptible of no possible improvement.

"Altered!" he echoed. "How?"

"That horrid old elm tree must be cut down first," said May, with a disparaging motion of her parasol toward it. "It shades everything!"

"That elm tree, ma'am," said Squire Peckwood, huskily, "was planted by Moses Peckwood, ma'am, my great grandfather. It is known ma'am as the Peckwood Elm!"

"It must make the house as damp as a vault," said May, "and I don't wonder that your two first wives died. The Peckwood Elm must be cut down, Obed!"

It was the first time she had ever called him by his christian name, yet it did not sound sweet in Squire Peckwood's ears.

"How narrow this hall is!" said May pettishly, as the Squire threw open the front door and silently motioned her to enter. "Can't it be widened? And only one snuffy little parlor!"

"It was good enough for Susan Emory, the first Mrs. Peckwood," cried the Squire irately; "nor did Alicia Jane my second wife, ever venture to object to it!"

"They must have been weak and water sort of people," said May, irreverently. "Dear me, Obed, I never can live here. The two rooms must be thrown into one, with an arch across the ceiling!"

"You can't do it; the chimney stack is between."

"Put the chimney stack somewhere else!"

"That would be equivalent to building a new house," groaned Squire Peckwood. "Well, suppose we do, Obed?" cried May, suddenly grasping at this novel idea. "A new house would be perfectly delightful; a Gothic cottage with ornamental grounds just on the slope of the hill; or a Swiss chalet with dear little balconies and pointed eaves. I'm sure I never should be contented with this old shell of a house!"

"Mrs. Peck—I mean Miss Carroll," slowly enunciated the Squire, "I'm not made of coined gold, consequently I can't afford to build. May I ask what your rational objections can be to this house?"

"It isn't big enough," said May, with a toss of her elegant little head.

"Not big enough! There are thirteen rooms, besides a very good cemented cellar."

"I dare say; but you see, I'm not going to live like a mole, burrowing in solitude and darkness. I shall fill the house with company the very first thing."

There was a speculative gleam in Squire Peckwood's grayish green orbs as May Carroll spoke.

"Do you mean to take summer boarders?" A good plan, very.

"No," said May abruptly, "I mean nothing of the sort. I mean invited company—my cousins and friends—who are to stay here as long as I can contrive to make it pleasant for them. Of course I shouldn't for an instant contemplate receiving any money from them. And we could have the sweetest summer parties up here, with a band from New York, and refreshments from Santillian's! In strawberry time, I suppose we could have our own berries, and—"

"By no means," interposed the flurried Squire. "I always make a contract with a man in Fulton Market for my berries, twenty cents a quart the season through."

"Oh, we'd change all that," said May carelessly. "I thought, indeed, I shouldn't care what you did with the fruit the weeks I spent at Cape May and Nahant!"

The Squire's face darkened.

"The first Mrs. Peckwood spent a day

in New York one in four years; the second Mrs. Peckwood never wished to go anywhere except to church, and—"

"And the third Mrs. Peckwood," diplomatically interrupted May, "will go where she pleases and when she pleases, and wishes it distinctly understood beforehand."

"Miss May Carroll!"

"Yes, Squire Peckwood!"

"Is this a specimen of the respect you intend to bestow upon your husband?"

"Yes," said May, after reflecting a minute or two, "I think it may be considered a pretty fair specimen!"

And with a shy glance from between her long lashes she took in the Squire's flushed face and uneasy gestures.

"In that case, Miss Carroll, I may as well withdraw from—"

"Stop, Squire Peckwood!" said May, with a certain spice of maidenly dignity, which coin he was bound to respect. "As your bargain—for it was nothing more nor less than a matrimonial bargain—was made with my parents, it must be unsealed in their presence. I shall be very happy to accompany you home, but until we reach there I will hear no further word on the subject!"

And she branched off into a pleasant little chatter on indifferent subjects, while the Squire disenchanted and disappointed, stalked sullenly along by her side.

Half a mile from the Carroll farmhouse they met the Deacon, gravely inspecting the progress of a line of stone-wall.

"Father," said May, walking demurely up to him, "Squire Peckwood has something to say to you."

The Deacon turned expectantly to the Squire. That individual reddened and turned pale, stammered and stuttered, but finally contrived to signify the fact that, "on mature consideration, he had concluded that perhaps he was a little too old, or Miss May was a little too young, or, or—or—any way they didn't seem quite suited to each other, and, although he respected Miss May very highly—yet—"

And the next May knew she was safe in her own little room, laughing quietly to herself at the success of her scheme.

The coast was clear for David Chester, and such good use did he make of the "margin" given him, that he was married to Deacon Carroll's pretty daughter while Squire Peckwood was yet "looking about him" for a worthy successor to Mrs. Peckwood the first and Mrs. Peckwood the second.

For young people are apt to be precipitous about such things, and perhaps it was just as well.

MARRIAGE.
A FEW INSTANCES OF STRANGE NUPTIAL CONTRACTS AND CEREMONIES.

The "most married" woman of which there is any record was undoubtedly the Harlem woman spoken of by Evelyn in his diary, whose propensity for re-marrying had to be checked by law. "She married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in the future."

Many years ago a man in Hartsville, N. Y., became attached to a young and beautiful damsel, who died before their intended marriage could be consummated. He then married the mother of the deceased, who was some twenty years her senior, but with whom he lived happily until she was eighty and he was sixty years of age. As the wife had by this time become quite decrepit, they adopted a maid of some thirty summers, who had lived with them a year and a half when the old lady died.

Before the time appointed for the funeral the man himself was taken sick, on which account the funeral services were postponed four weeks. But in less than two weeks he sent for a justice of the peace, and was married to the maid he had adopted. The next day the couple applied to the town for support, and a week later the man himself died, his funeral being attended before that of his wife and the woman he had so recently married being the only mourner. Human folly is vast and illimitable.

When Socrates was asked whether it were better for a man to get married or live single, he replied: "Let him do either, and he will repent it."

With due respect to Socrates we must object to the above. We once knew a fortune-hunting young man who married a maiden lady on the wintry side of fifty. She was worth about one hundred thousand dollars, and died in less than a month after the celebration of the nuptial ceremony. He inherited her property, and he never repented his marriage.

Among the ancient Germans it was death for any woman to marry before she was twenty years old. By the laws of Lycurgus the most special attention was paid to the physical education, and noisily or delicately women were allowed to marry.

In the Royal Library of Paris is a written contract, drawn up in 1027, between two persons of noble birth in Armaque. The document bound the husband and wife to faithful wedlock for seven years. It stipulated that the parties should have the right to renew the tie at the end of that time if they mutually agreed; but if not, the children were to be equally divided; if the number should chance not to be even, they were to draw lots for the odd one.

In Borneo, marriages, which generally succeeded a lengthened routine of enigmatical courtship peculiar to those people, is celebrated with great pomp and considerable originality. The bride and bridegroom are conducted from the opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is performed. They are seated on two bars of iron symbolical of the vigorous and lasting blessings in store for them. A cigar and a betel leaf, carefully prepared with areas nut, are put into the hand of each. One of the officiating priests advances, waves two fowls over the heads of the betrothed, and in a long address to the Supreme Being and a short one to the couple, calls down eternal blessings on them, implores that peace and happiness may attend the union, and gives some temporal advice, sometimes of a character more medical than salutary. The spiritual part being thus concluded the material succeeded. The heads of the affirmed are knocked together three or four times; then the bridegroom puts the betel leaf and cigar into the mouth of the bride; and thus they are acknowledged a wedded couple, with the sanction of their religion. At a later period on the nuptial evening, fowls are killed, the blood caught into cups, and by its color the priest foretells the happiness or misery of the newly married. The ceremony is closed by a feast, much dancing and noisy music.

The following romantic story is told of Lord March (grandson of Charles II.) who afterwards became the second Duke of Richmond, and who while yet quite young, was engaged, without being consulted as to the choice, to a young lady still younger. The bride was Lady— the daughter of the Earl of Cadogan, March's favorite general. Their union (according to Napier's account) was a bargain to cancel a gaming debt between the parents, and the young Lord March was brought from college, and the lady from the nursery, for the ceremony. The bride was amused and silent, but the bridegroom exclaimed: "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married he was, however, and his tutor instantly carried him off to the continent. A few years after this event Lord March returned home from his travels a most accomplished gentleman, but having such a very disagreeable recollection of his wife, he avoided home, and repaired on the first night of his arrival, to the theatre. There he saw a lady of so fine an appearance that he asked who she was, and on being answered that she was "the reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March," he hastened to claim her, and they lived together so affectionately that one year only after his decease, in 1750, she died of grief.

Some clever fellow has manufactured handkerchiefs upon which a map of the seat of war in Europe is stamped. They have proved so immense success, every body wishing to poke his nose into the scene of conflict without personal danger.

THE BOUQUET WATCH.—This new style of watch is one of the most ingenious and exquisite pieces of mechanism we have ever seen. It is a miniature timepiece, inclosed in an artificial rose, which is intended to be placed in the center of a bouquet, so that a lady may be able to consult the time without offending the dignity of her cavalier. The watch is exposed or concealed from view at pleasure by opening or closing the flower, the calyx and stem of which are made of gold and the petals of silk. The leaves are so arranged and connected with a slide in the stem that by moving the slide they are made to move spirally, spreading or closing themselves up according to the direction of the movement, drawing the petals with them, and changing the flower from a bud to a full-blown rose, and vice versa.

The stem is long enough to protrude through the stock of a bouquet, so that the slide can be easily worked.

The "bouquet watch," arranged in the center of a bouquet with the petals of the rose closed up, no more attention than an ordinary rosebud, and resembles one, but at the pleasure of the lady carrying the bouquet, the petals are opened and in the center of the flower the dial, which is of the circumference of a silver dime, is exposed to view.

These unique watches are made in Geneva from a design furnished by a member of one of our largest firms engaged in the manufacture of watches.—Ex.

TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.—Take one drachm (as much as will lay on a shilling) of soft soap, and mix it gradually with a half-pint of soft water, (that is, rain water, or water that has boiled, and then allowed to get cold); put the mixture into a bottle, and shake them well together; then add half a wine-glassful of spirit of hartshorn, and again well shake the ingredients. The gilt frame that is to be cleaned may now be brushed over with this liquid, taking care, however, to use for the purpose, the softest camel's hair brush that can be procured. After the liquid has been on the frame a minute or so, using a slight brushing to the dirtiest and most intricate parts of the work, it is to be freely washed off with plenty of clean water, and allowed to dry of its own accord. The drying should be accelerated by placing the frame in a draught, or where the sun shines on it. Next day the bright parts of the work may be very slightly rubbed with a new wash leather, which will enhance their brilliancy. Pictures and glasses should be taken out of the frame during the cleansing process.

Gail Hamilton is writing for the papers, advising mothers how to bring up children. She is unmarried, but you can't make her believe she don't know it all. She says children should be weaned before they are seven years old, and you can tell how old they are by looking at their teeth. Almost as bad as Greeley's saying horse-chestnuts are raised on a whiffetree.

A Queer Story of Three Shawls.
In one of the most flourishing villages of Oswego county, N. Y., there was a recent occurrence which merits chronicling. A dry goods merchant went to New York for stock, and among the articles purchased, brought home three shawls of a most remarkable pattern and unlike anything every before seen in the village. The consequence was, a decided sensation among the ladies. The shawls were wonderful, perfectly lovely, of fine material, elegantly wrought, and costly. They were of one pattern, but each of a peculiar color. One was of broad stripes of blue and white, another of scarlet and white, the third of purple and white.

Mr. McGlaur, the merchant, opened his stock on Tuesday, and the fame of the shawls immediately spread. All the ladies in the village called at McGlaur's to see and to admire them. Mrs. Fiskin, the banker's wife, went into ecstasies, and besieged "Fiskin, my dear," so vigorously that on Thursday morning he capitulated and Mrs. Fiskin had the purple and white shawl sent home. The news spread and on Friday Miss Pouncer, the lawyer's daughter, carried off triumphantly the blue and white shawl.

Now, between Miss Pouncer, the lawyer's daughter, and Miss Grit, the miller's daughter, there was a long standing jealousy. The papers of both these young ladies were "well off" but Pouncer was liberal and "rigged up" his daughter in the latest style, while Grit, an austere, close fistied man, severe on dress, and eloquent upon the ruin it had brought on the "sex," made Miss Grit's attempt to rival Miss Pouncer very laborious.

When Miss Grit and her mamma heard that Miss Pouncer had carried off the second shawl, they were consumed with jealousy, and immediately set to work to devise ways and means to secure the scarlet and white shawl. It was decided to beseech Grit after breakfast, on Saturday morning, but their courage failed them, and Mr. Grit having said grace after meal, departed unconquered. At dinner the attempt was to be made sure, but Grit, for some unaccountable reason, did not come home to dinner.

The good Mrs. Grit, moved by her daughter's tears and pleadings during the afternoon, at last consented to allow Angelina to buy the last of the coveted shawls without the consent of papa. Angelina immediately called upon McGlaur and asked to see the shawl. To her dismay she learned that it was "sold this morning."

Who had bought it? was the next question. Mr. was disposed to be reticent, but finally told Miss Grit that her father had bought the shawl, and undoubtedly intended to surprise her.

Angelina was happy. She ran right home and told her mother. "Pa" came home to tea, but said nothing about the shawl.

"He thinks he's keeping it awful secret," said Angelina. "He don't intend to let me know it until I am dressed for church to-morrow."

Sunday morning came, but to Angelina's surprise no shawl was forthcoming. She went to church dejected. Mrs. Fiskin was there in her purple and white shawl, and Miss Pouncer was there in her blue and white shawl, and the eyes of the whole congregation were upon them. This was bad enough, but worse was to come.

Immediately after the first prayer, who should come up the broad aisle but a buxom young California widow, the village milliner, and encoined in all the glory of the scarlet and white shawl.

It is said that Mr. Grit experienced some difficulty in satisfactorily explaining the little circumstance to his family.

In Macon, Ga., a negro was bitten by a dog attached to a circus, and sued for damages. He was allowed an attachment upon the property of the circus for \$2,000 to abide the result of the suit. The sheriff is there obliged to attach, under such circumstances, the property pointed out by the defendant. The circus men elected that a Bengal tiger or an African tigress with cuba should be loosed upon, without the cage. The sheriff deputed making the levy, and the circus man giving his personal security to appear for trial, went on his way.

There is a little railroad near Bayou Sara, La., that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often that steam-car made trips to the country. The party interrogated said, "Tri weekly." "What do you mean by tri weekly?" The answer was, "It goes upon a week, and tries to come down the next."

Speaking of the Cleveland woman convention, a correspondent of the New York Herald writes: "The most gigantic reporter of them all was Miss Amanda Way of the Indianapolis Journal, dressed in a red dress with cherry colored silk trimmings, who measures six feet in height, and looks like a vivandiere of the French imperial guard. Then there was Margaret V. Longley, reporting for an Ohio paper, and a delegate, as was also Mrs. Hazard, a fine, chubby faced woman in black, with a fur muff."

LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.

THE LADY OF LYONS
INSTITUTE HALL
ON
MONDAY EVENING, 26th.